when the ſcraping of the well known foot has raiſed a pleaſing tumult.

Whilſt my benevolence has been gratified by contemplating this artleſs picture, I have thought that a couple of this deſcription, equally neceſſary and independent of each other, becauſe each fulfilled the reſpective duties of their ſtation, poſſeſſed all that life could give.—Raiſed ſufficiently above abject poverty not to be obliged to weigh the conſequence of every farthing they ſpend, and having ſufficient to prevent their attending to a frigid ſyſtem of œconomy, which narrows both heart and mind. I declare, ſo vulgar are my conceptions, that I know not what is wanted to render this the happieſt as well as the moſt reſpectable ſituation in the world, but a taſte for literature, to throw a little variety and intereſt into ſocial converſe, and ſome ſuperfluous money to give to the needy and to buy books. For it is not pleaſant when the heart is opened by compaſſion and the head active in arranging plans of uſefulneſs, to have a prim urchin continually twitching back the elbow to prevent the hand from drawing out an almoſt empty purſe, whiſpering at the ſame time ſome prudential

prudential maxim about the priority of juſtice.

Deſtructive, however, as riches and inherited honours are to the human character, women are more debaſed and cramped, if poſſible, by them, than men, becauſe men may ſtill, in ſome degree, unfold their faculties by becoming ſoldiers and ſtateſmen.

As ſoldiers, I grant, they can now only gather, for the moſt part, vain glorious laurels, whilſt they adjuſt to a hair the European balance, taking eſpecial care that no bleak northern nook or ſound incline the beam. But the days of true heroiſm are over, when a citizen fought for his country like a Fabricius or a Waſhington, and then returned to his farm to let his virtuous fervour run in a more placid, but not a leſs ſalutary, ſtream. No, our Britiſh heroes are oftener ſent from the gaming table than from the plow; and their paſſions have been rather inflamed by hanging with dumb ſuſpenſe on the turn of a die, than ſublimated by panting after the adventurous march of virtue in the hiſtoric page.

The ſtateſman, it is true, might with more propriety quit the Faro Bank, or card-table, to